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OCTOBER 23 AND 25, 1909

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ADVERTISE IN THE FARMER

## THE ALTENBURG CASE

By GEORGE DYRE ELDRIDGE

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(Continued.)

"So that you can see that if he couldn't have invented Phil Barber's story after he heard it, he could make his fit to it a t-y-ty. Barber told his first."

XIV.

### THE WHITE BULL DOG.

Fry chose this point in the game to indulge in the folly of individual ambition. It was clear to him that Trafford was determined to shield Grimbleshaw, and that nothing less than the most incontrovertible evidence of the doctor's guilt would prevent his doing so. With equal clearness Fry saw it his duty to the public to see that the scheme did not succeed, and he added, in behalf of the claims of loyalty, that he owed the same duty to Trafford himself.

Necessarily, he would be compelled to pursue his self-appointed task under difficulties, for he could not neglect in the slightest detail the portion of the work assigned him by Trafford, and, besides, he would have to exercise the utmost care not to run up against his chief and what would provoke awkward inquiry.

His first duty concerned the drunken Canadian, who had been so conveniently absent from the farm the night of the murder, and he found him so close-mouthed, until his tongue had been loosened by a copious supply of bad brandy, that he began to suspect him of having something to conceal. This view commended itself to him the more since he felt that Trafford could present the most logical reasons for believing that the man really knew little or nothing.

When, however, his tongue was loosened he talked with the volubility of a Canadian of French extraction and said nothing. He had money, that night, for without money liquor was not to be had in Lancashire.

"Ah, oui. Meestah Haltenbourg he gif me un, deux piastre. He gif heem for hees wages."

"Hump! And you spend your wages for bad brandy, do you?"

"Non, non, non! Meestah Haltenbourg he keep heem; only deux piastres. Me. Ah tak heem for what you call ze joll temps, ze good time, hain't eet?"

"Maybe that's what you call it," Fry answered. "But I should call it getting roaring drunk. That's what you were when you got back to the house."

"Ah, oui! ze drunk, you call heem. Eet was ze joll temps; zat mean ze same ting; ze drunk. Oui out out!"

"Well, if getting jolly drunk means 'ze joll temps,' you had 'ze joll temps' all right. Where was Altenbourg when he gave you the money?"

"Een ze room where ees ze what you call heem, ze place where he writes?"

"Oh, his desk."

"Oui, out, out; ze desk. He tak ze book-pocket from ze pocket. He gif me ze piastres. He curse; he say 'sacre' when Ah tell heem Ah van un, deux piastres. He say you van d-n drunkard; you tro! away ze moneys; you van d-n fool!"

"But you took it?"

"Ah, oui! Ah tak eet. Ah wanted ze joll temps; ze gret drunk you call heem. He say 'you van d-n fol.' Ah say 'Ah vont ze piastres, ze joll temps. Ah could not eet eet, me, eef Ah had not ze piastres. A vant heem!"

At what time did he leave the farm? Just after supper, about 6 o'clock. After he finished his supper in the kitchen he went into the room and asked for the money, and as soon as he got it put on his coat and started for the village. No, he did not go by the road, but through the woods, and met Antone, who worked for Mr. Malbon, and they went to the village together.

Did he meet any one as he went through the woods?

"Ah, oui; Ah meets ze dog."

"The dog?" exclaimed Fry. "What dog?"

"Ze dog. Me, Ah call heem 'Chack'; ze booi-dog; Meestah Haltenbourg's booi-dog."

"But I haven't seen any dog round there," declared Fry. "There hain't any dog round there."

"Non! He gone; he not dar. You savez where he go?"

"No. Do you?"

"Me? Non, non, non! He gone. Where? Ah no savez. I see heem no more. Ah meets him in les bois. Ah say to heem, 'Go home!' He vans hees tail; he growl; he say 'sacre,' Ah tink."

He gone! Ah see heem not mooch more."

Fry made his note of this disappearance, significant as it might prove, both from the time of its occurrence, and because of the seemingly utter failure of one and all to take note of it. If there had been a bulldog alive around that farm that night he would surely have been heard from, whence it seemed to Fry that a degree of preparation not before supposed was indicated. There could but be significance in the vanishing of a dog that was alive and close at home at 6 o'clock, and yet utterly gone two hours later, when the need of him was most pressing.

"Did you meet anybody else?" asked Fry.

"Non. Ah meets nobody, only ze dog. He gets heem out of my way."

"Who? The dog?"

"Non, non. Ah tells you Ah meets ze dog. Ah say, 'Go home!' Ze man he gets heem out of ze way."

"What man? You haven't said anything about a man," said Fry, on the alert at once.

"Ze man zat walks in front me. Ze man he looks up; he stops; he say 'Sacre,' Ah tink; mais, he gets out ze way into ze trees. He hides."

"The devil he did!" exclaimed Fry. "What'd he do that for? Was he afraid of you?"

"Ah tink out. He stops, he looks als way; he looks zat way; he go! He see zat; he lak ze dog; he go!"

"Was he going toward the farm?" asked Fry.

"Ah, oui. He come; he see me; he stop. Zen he go! He no here; he no zair, he where? Me, Ah cannot tell; he go. Ah tink he hide."

"Did you see enough of him to know who he was?" asked the impatient Fry.

"Ah see heem; mais, eet was dark. Ah not see heem goot. Ah see heem in ze dark; mais, he look lak ze doctaire een ze ville; ze doctaire viz ze funny names; what you call heem, hain't eet?"

"Not Grimbleshaw," interrupted Fry. "Oui, out, out! Ze Greemb'shan; zat heem; ze doctaire viz ze funny names; ze Greemb'shan!"

"And he was coming toward the farm at 6 o'clock, and hid in the woods when he saw you?"

"Oui, oui. He zair; he come; he gone, zip! Ah look, he zair; Ah look anoder tam, he not zair. Ah know not where he go. Me, Ah see, heem no more!"

The sting of this discovery was that its source lay so near the surface that any possible fact that Trafford should not already have stumbled upon it. Indeed, the situation suggested to Fry, whose suspicions were already aroused by his own purpose to play double with his chief, that a trap had been set to catch him. Why else had he been assigned to work on the Canadian, when anybody might have pumped him and got out of him all that he was so ready to tell? Yet the doubt whether it was so or not presented just those conditions that were embarrassing. If this was what Trafford had done, then he had it in his power completely to blind the latter as to his own purposes by going and telling him what he had found out. On the other hand, if it was not so, it was clearly the proper thing to keep the information secret, both as running in line with his suspicions as to Grimbleshaw and as confirming his fear of Trafford's intention to shield him.

Still, he was too shrewd a man to study a difficult situation long without finding some plausible excuse for doing as he wished, and this came with the consideration that fairness demanded he should first make certain whether or not the physician was in the vicinity of the farm at the time named. David's statement was simply that the man he saw looked like the doctor, but there was also the statement that it was dark and that the man disappeared quickly, so that the resemblance was made at least questionable. It clearly was not fair to throw this added suspicion on a man already looked at askance by the public without first exhausting every means of information. The most serious consideration that assailed him in the purpose was that the impossibility of preventing David giving to others the same information that he had been able so easily to extract from him. He could see no way of avoiding this risk, and so had to make up his mind to take it.

Aside from the question of the identification of Dr. Grimbleshaw as the mysterious individual seen near the farm, the suddenly evolved bulldog had a fascination for him, and he set himself vigorously to the task of discovering his fate.

XV.

### IN BECKWITH'S OFFICE.

"I don't say I shouldn't defend you even if I knew you were guilty," Beckwith said to young Calden, seated before him at the former's desk, while Beckwith himself stood near the huge soapstone stove and spoke down to him. "The law lays down certain requirements for legal proof of guilt, and it is part of a lawyer's duty to see that these are complied with before any man, even though he knows him to be guilty, is convicted. But that's not the point I'm making. I'm entitled to know everything if I'm to protect you, and clearly I don't. What ever I'm willing or unwilling to do I can't go it blind, and if that's what you're going to persist in asking of me, you'll have to get another lawyer."

"Who's the lawyer in Lancashire would take my case after you'd turned me down?" asked Calden, bitterly.

"Who's the lawyer you'd want if I (Continued on Page 15.)

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